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PADERBORN

Irish melodies

Stevenson, John A.

Dublin, 1859

When In Death I Shall Calm Recline.

[urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-62608](https://nbn-resolving.org/urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-62608)

WHEN IN DEATH I SHALL CALM RECLINE.

(AIR—UNKNOWN.)

(THE LEGACY.)

With feeling and gaiety.

When in death I shall calm re - cline, O bear my heart to my mis - tress dear ;

Tell her it liv'd up-on smiles, and wine of the bright - est hue, while it lin - ger'd here ;

Bid her not shed one tear of sor - row, To sul - ly a heart so

brilliant and light; But bal - my drops of the red grape bor - row, To

bathe the rel - ic from morn till night.

SECOND VERSE.

When the light of my song is o'er, Then take my harp to your an - cient hall;

Hang it up at that friend - ly door Where wea - ry tra - vel - lers love to call.*

* "In every house was one or two harps, free to all travellers, who were the more caressed, the more they excelled in music."
O'HALLORAN.

Then if some bard, who roams for - sa - ken, Re - vive its soft note in

pass - ing a - long, Oh! let one thought of its Mas - ter wa - ken Your

warm - - est smile for the child of song.

THIRD VERSE.

Keep this cup, which is now o'erflowing, To grace your re-vel when I'm at rest;

Ne-ver, Oh! never its balm bestowing On lips that beauty hath sel - dom blest.

But when some warm de - vo - - ted lo - ver, To her he a - dores shall

bathe its brim, Oh! then my spi - rit a - round shall ho - ver, And

hal - low each drop that foams for him.